

### 1. Nox, et lux

Nox, et tenebrae, et nubile  
confusa mundi et turbida,  
lux intrat, albescit polus,  
Christus venit, discedite!  
Caligo terrae scinditur  
percussa solis spiculo,  
rebusque iam color redit  
vultu nitentis sideris.

O Night and Dark,  
O huddled sullen clouds,  
Light enters in: the sky Whitens.  
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The mist sheers apart  
Cleft by the sun's spear.  
Color comes back to things  
From his bright face.

### 2. Inde est

Inde est, quod omnes credimus,  
Illo quietis temore,  
Quo gallus exsultans canit,  
Christum redisse ex inferis.  
Sunt nempe falsa et frivola,  
Quae mundiali gloria,  
Ceu dormientes, egimus:  
Vigilemus hic est veritas.

Thence is it, as we all believe,  
At this same hour of quiet,  
The jocund crowing of the cock,  
Christ came again from hell.  
False, false are they and vain  
These transient glories of the world  
Which we go after, like to men asleep.  
Awake: for here is Truth.

### 3. Dulce Canunt Melos

Illic purpureis tecta rosariis  
omnis fragrat humas, clathaque pinguia,  
et molles violas, et tenues crocos

The earth is sweet with roses,  
And rich with marigold,  
And violets and crocus

fundit fonticulis uda fugacibus.  
Felices animae prata per herbida  
concentu parili suave sonantibus  
hymnorum modulis dulce canunt melos  
calcant et pedibus lilia candidis.

Are wet with running streams....  
And through the grassy meadows,  
The blessed spirits go,  
Their white feet shod with lilies,  
And as they go they sing.

#### 4. Venerat Occiduis

Venerat occiduis mundi de finibus hostis  
Luxuria, extinctae iamdudum prodiga famae,  
delibuta comas, oculis vaga, languida voce,  
perdita deliciis....  
lapsanti per vina et balsama gressu,  
ebria calcatis ad bellum floribus ibat.

Come from the confines of the sunset world,  
Luxury, lavis of her ruined fame,  
Loose-haried, wild-eyed, her voice a dying fall.  
Lost in delight...  
Flowershod and swaying from the wine cup,  
Each step a fragrance.

#### 5. Christe, redde lumen

Inventor rutili, dux bone, luminis,  
qui certis vicibus tempora dividis,  
merso sole, chaos ingruit horridum  
lumen redde tuis, Christe, fidelibus.

Good Captain, Maker of the light,  
Who dost divide the day and night,  
The sun is drowned beneath the sea,  
Chaos is on us, horribly.  
O Christ, give back to faithful souls the light!